

The Return by **Redqueen169**

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Summary: Eleven takes a college break to visit Hoppers cabin, only to discover Billy alive, five years after the battle of Star Court Mall.

The Return

The naked man picked himself up off the icy ground. His bare feet stung and prickled from the biting cold. As he began to walk, the trees swaying with the wind waved around him as if in a forced greeting. After walking for a while with no particular destination, he became self-aware, he looked down to examine himself. Who was he? Where was he before this? He spotted a nasty looking scar in the center of his chiseled chest. He clutched at his chest, searching for his heartbeat, thankfully his heart was thumping wildly with life. Still, just looking at that dark mass of scar tissue, he felt sick with dread. What happened to him? How did he get here? His body started shaking violently from the bitter weather. He needed to find shelter from the cold, or it would kill him, that thought gave him a different kind of shiver. He began to stumble through the woods grasping for anything familiar, but nothing looked familiar. He started to panic.

Where could he go in the middle of the woods? Filled with anxiety, he ran aimlessly, searching through the trees for anywhere he could find warmth and shelter from the frigid air. After running for what seemed to be forever, he nearly collapsed in relief when he spotted the tiny cabin nestled within the trees. Exhausted, he scrambled towards it. As he climbed the snow-covered steps up to the porch, he noticed red droplets of blood turning the snow a light red, the numbness from the cold prevented him from feeling any of the pain in his feet. He knocked on the door and waited. No one came to the door. Determining no one was inside, he managed to find a window unlocked and shimmied his way through. He quickly discovered the cabin to be long abandoned by the occupants, much to his dismay and relief. The furniture, covered in dusty blankets only confirmed this. He gratefully took a few of the quilts for himself and wrapped them around his shaking body. After warming up, he inspected the cabin closer. He looked over the pictures on the table and saw a smiling girl with an older looking man who he guessed to be her dad. His eyes lingered on the dark-eyed girl. He knew her! He couldn't figure out how, but he knew her face and those deep brown eyes. It was tugging on the back of his mind. He could remember tears running down her face, and blood smeared across her forehead and her hand on his face. *"Seven feet, you told her the wave was seven feet."*

Then everything became fuzzy. He felt a wave of nausea sweep through him. Did he hurt the crying girl? He thought about the fate of the brown-haired girl as he climbed into the now uncovered recliner and fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke to the sound of the front door bursting open before he could do more than sit up in the recliner. "Who are you? And why did you break into my dad's cabin?" a loud female voice demanded. He froze in shock. It was her! The brown-eyed crying girl! Except she looked older than he could remember her. How long had it been? She remembered him as well because her breath hitched in her throat, and he could see the recognition in her eyes. "Billy?" she asked her hand going to her mouth. Was that his name? He hesitated to respond. "How are you here? How are you alive? I don't understand..."

Alive? Did he die?

"I... died?" Billy asked his heart racing. His mind began to spin in dizzying circles. Then it all came back to him. He remembered everything, how the Mind Flayer, as they had called it, took him over that night in the warehouse and coerced him into doing horrendous things against his will. He remembered what ensued at the mall, Eleven on the floor crying and how she reached into his mind. If not for her, he would not have been able to break free of the Mind Flayer. She saw into him and found something light he didn't know was still there. Then he remembered trying his best to stop it, that creature, from hurting her. He remembered the pain and touched the scar on his chest.

"Does that hurt?" Eleven asked, walking over and letting her fingers brush over the dark scar.

His heartbeat increased again, yet this time for a different reason. "How long has it been?" Eleven paused.

"It's been five years."

Billy swallowed hard. "Is it gone?"

"The Mind Flayer? Yes, it's gone from our side, at least. It can't hurt

any of us anymore." Eleven stared into his eyes, still barely believing Billy Hargrove was sitting in front of her.

"Is Max, okay?" Billy asked, not sure if he wanted to know or not.

"Oh yes! she is living in California now, she is a video game programmer." Eleven gave a small smile. "I'm sure she'll want to see you whenever you're ready. Honestly, I'm having a hard time believing you're here," she admitted.

"I'm sure I'm the last person she wants to see after all the shit I put her through," Billy said, looking down, he noticed Eleven's hand still resting ever so lightly on his chest.

"Billy that day in the mall you saved us all, without you I wouldn't be alive right now, Max saw you sacrifice yourself for all of us, you showed her another side to yourself that she already knew was there, and I'm sure she would love to see you."

Eleven was now eye level with him as she finished saying this.

"Thank you, Billy." Eleven said softly, Her brown eyes meeting his, "Thanks for saving me." she moved her hand to his cheek and kissed him lightly on the mouth before moving back. But before she could, he placed both hands on either side of her face and pressed his rough lips against her soft ones. "You're welcome," he whispered, he felt a hunger awaken in him, one that was always there before and decided to return now to be with this young, beautiful, dark-haired woman. She knew his mind, and he wanted her to know his body too almost as badly as he wanted to know her body. Eleven pressed against him, relishing his taste, she found herself wanting more and more. His hands moved under her shirt, and he let them roam over every bit of skin he could feel. She straddled his waist and let her hips move of their own accord grinding up against him as he kissed her neck and mouth. The sheet pooled around Billy's waist slipped down, and she marveled at his size as she wrapped her hand around his shaft and let her fingers slide up to the head and back down. Billy groaned and pulled Eleven's shirt over her head. He picked her up and placed her back down, unzipping her pants and pulling them down along with her black lacy panties. He let his tongue play against her clit, inciting little moans from Eleven.

Eleven was now in college and had her fair share of experience, but this was more intense than she had ever felt. She let her hands pull Billy's hair as he licked and sucked on her, tasting all she had to offer. "Billy, please! I need you!" She begged. Billy smiled slyly and teased her more with his tongue before kissing his way up to her lips. He slid inside her, and Eleven went breathless with intense pleasure. He started slow and kissed her, looking into her with his ocean blue eyes, then started moving deeper and deeper until she could take all of him. She moaned into his ear, encouraging him to give her more and more. He began to move faster and faster. "I'm about to cum Billy! Please don't stop!" Billy could feel his release building up, but he was determined to please her. "Ohhhh Yesss!" He felt her clench around him, and he couldn't hold back any longer. "Oh, Eleven!" He came inside her as she reached the peak of her orgasm. Billy collapsed on top of Eleven. Still, reeling from the strength of the orgasm, they both panted in that position for a while. Eventually, they moved onto their sides and fell asleep in each other's arms.